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Sam Cowell's comic song book for 1858

London

[18--]

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SAM COWELL'S COMIC SONG BOOK,

For 1858.

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London, Pattie, 31, Paternoster Row, E. C.

THE COMICAL COMET OF 1857.

An Original Comic Song, J. A. Hardwick.
Air.—Ballooning.

Among the stars last year there was a row about the comet, (from it)
The Planets in rotation trod the best way to get
They all went in a twinkling to a meeting one fine night, (night)
But in their planetary sphere they couldn't play it
Tol-di-rol, &c.

The blazing comet meaning to eclipse the starry lot,
Appeared somewhere and took it cool altho' it made it precious hot;
The constellations made all kind's of motions to escape, (a scrape.
But tho' they tried eccentric moves they got into

Altho' the dog star bit at it, the comet ne'er turn'd tail, (pale;
And Ursa Major swore he wouldn't bear it he fled
Tho Cancer looked quite crabby, still the comet on its way,
Took the shine out of the sun, and turned to CURDS the MILKY WHEY (way).

Fair Virgo feared the comet would attack her Virgin charms,
The Twins cried out—Oh Gemini! at sound of (moras;
the alarms,
Quite sheepish Aries appeared and bleated many
Taurus tried the comet to Bully, but had to draw in his horns,

Libra, the scales, it couldn't weigh the comet up at all,
The Scorpion would have stung it, but away soon had to crawl;
Capricarous, being terrified had nothing much to say, (gin 'tother way,
So that precious old goat stepped it, with the Vir-

The poor man in the moon turned quite lunatic they say,
And the lion tried with might and mane to get out of the way,
Saggittarious being an Archer chap than others to prevail,
Told Aquarius to throw a pail of water on its tail,

Pisces thought it quite of-fish-ous of the come coming there,
And acted very SCALY all thro' the whole affair;
In fact all of them cried for aid on Jupiter and (STARS.
Mars,
And to minie rifle it they called upon the Shooting

At last it fled, and the Planets thanked their lucky (mammas,
stars,
And so did superstitious folks on earth and grand,
Who had been frightened into fits, and this I mean to say,
'Twas a burning shame to gull us with the comets tale (tail) that way.

But to make up for the comet failing to appear,
The sun obliged us with a great eclipse in March (seven
this year;
Perhaps in a century or two the comet of fifty-
May smash the world, but never mind, we shall all be gone to heaven.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED & FIFTY EIGHT.

A New Comic Song. J. A. Hardwick.
Air.—(Diggers) Jolly Bachelor.

There's a good time coming, we've heard all round
But in Fifty seven it was'nt found;
But if it comes, it won't be too late
In eighteen hundred and fifty-eight.
Oh Lord Derby help poor people,
Oh Lord Derby do.

We're drove to the workhouse to get a meal,
And our shoes are all gone down at heel;
Give us cheap boots and we shall thank fate,
In eighteen hundred and fifty-eight.
Oh Lord Derby &c.

Lord Derby wake up now and don't go to sleep,
We want our clothes and our grub on the cheap;
We don't want to starve while you feast off plate,
In eighteen hundred and fifty-eight.
Oh Lord Derby, &c.

There's the income tax, but we don't mind that,
Tho' we think you're cutting it rather too fat;
Give us more free trade and we shant prate,
In eighteen hundred and fifty-eight.
Oh Lord Derby, &c.

Give us plenty of work for our idle hands,
Then we shant emigrate to foreign lands;
And John Bull wont have to scratch his pate,
In eighteen hundred and fifty-eight.
Oh Lord Derby, &c.

It isn't new churches we want, by goles,
But food for our bodies as well as our souls.
Not a mouldy crust, but of beef a full plate
Give us that in eighteen fifty-eight.
Oh Lord Derby, &c.

What's the odds to the poor if the things aint dear
If we can't get nothing but table beer;
For plenty we hope that we shant have to wait,
After eighteen hundred and fifty-eight.
Oh, Lord Derby &c.

No protection we don't want here,
For we love our little queen too dear;
But to live for our labour we'll agitate,
In eighteen hundred and fifty-eight.
Oh Lord Derby, &c.

Only listen ministers, and don't fume,
But give us as much as we can consume;
Then like bricks we'll work and love the state,
In eighteen hundred and fifty-eight.
Oh Lord Derby, &c.

Oh you blessed Parliament, down with the rules,
Of Leadenhall-street noodles and fools,
Don't let English women meet such treatment
In eighteen hundred and fifty-eight.
Oh Lord Derby, &c.

So good luck to you Derby, just hear our [illegible]
And we'll bless your honourable lordships [illegible]
If you don't, to resign, will be your fate,
In eighteen hundred and fifty-eight.
Oh Lord Derby, &c.

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SANW X

MAIDEN, I WILL NE'ER DECEIVE THEE.

Maiden, I will ne'er deceive thee,
Never wrong thee never grieve thee—
Take my hand, and we will go,
Where the early violets blow;
In the still and shady grove,
Where I dare to tell of love:
Maiden, smile, or ere we part,
Chainless give me back my heart.
Maiden, I will ne'er deceive thee, &c.

I was happy ere I knew thee,
Therefore should thy charms pursue me,
Like the rainbow's fitful beam,
Like the image in the stream;
When I think thy bosom won,
Cloud that brow, and hope is gone,
Maiden, smile, or ere we part,
Chainless give me back my heart.
Maiden, I will ne'er deceive thee, &c.

LAND OF MY DEAREST, HAPPIEST FEELINGS.

Land of my dearest, happiest feeling
Where mornnig sheds her sweetest dews,
Whose winds from heav'n their freshness stealing,
Deck thee in fancy's fairest hues,
And of my youth for ever banish'd,
Far, far from thee I mourn,
All joy hath fled—all hopes are vanish'd,
With longing heart to thee I turn.

Before me lies the world extending,
A wand'rer o'er it I m ist be;
Yet still where e'er my steps are bending,
My weeping eyes behold but thee.
Land of my youth, &c.

THE MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

Oh! the happy days of childhood
Have pass'd like summer showers,
When from meadow-grass and tengled brake
I cull'd the fairest flowers;
No bird could be more happy,
When the sun shone o'er the lea,
Than when I sported through the fields,
So blythe, so gay, and free.

I often turn a whistful gaze
Upon those days gone by,
When thoughts of home and happy hours
Will oft provoke a sigh:
'Tis but a bright and transient dream,
Which makes the bosom burn—
Those days have pass'd, have swiftly fled,
And ne'er will more return.

COME OFF TO THE MOORS.

Come off to the moors and awa' my lads,
Come off to the moors and awa';
If you dinna come fast the black cook will flee past,
And na sport will be left us at a'.
Hillo ho! to the hills! hilli ho, hilli ho!
Hillo ho! to the hills and awa'!

When Charlie cam ower to fetch for his ain,
Sword in hand we arose to his ca';
At the war pibroch's summons we shouted again,
Come down from the hills and awa'.
If ye dinna come fast the fause loons will flee past,
And nae sport will be left us at a'.
Hilli ho, &c.

O'ER THE HILLS, JESSIE.

O'er the hills, Jessie, and over the heather,
To find a lone bower we'll wander together.
Our bed shall be roses our shelter the skies,
Each spot will grow lovely when lit by thine eyes.

Beneath the sweet briar we'll look back on each scene
Of tumult and city, and bless the bright green;
In summer we'll wander the river along,
And Jessie shall cheer winter's gloom with a song,

In twilight's soft gloom we will whisper of love,
As night-birds' soft melody flows from above:
And oh! my dear Jessie, when charms shall depart,
I'll gaze on thy mind and still twine round thy heart.

THE ELFIN FAREWELL.

Haste ye, fairies, haste away,
Slowly breaks the op'ning day—
Swiftly fly the shades of night,
Song-birds hail the dawning light;
Haste ye, fairies haste away,
Slowly breaks the op'ning day,

Haste ye from your woody dells,
Jasper founts and haunted wells,
Where, with magic harp and shell,
Wake ye music's gentle spell.

We go, we go, our wand'rings take
By dewy fields o'er woody brake;
We go, we go, a happy band
To our bright realms of fairy lan

List, list! the bells of fairy land
Recall from earth the elfin band;

We go, we go, until the sun
Again its weary course has run—

Until the moon's pale silv'ry beams
Smile sadly on your world of dreams:
Children of earth, farewell, farewell!
Untill the glow-worm leaves her cell.

Haste ye, fairies, haste away,
Slowly breaks the op'ning day—
Swiftly fly the shades of night,
Song-birds hail the dawniug light.

MEET ME IN THE WILLOW GLEN

Meet me in the willow glen,
When she sllver moon is beaming;
Songs of love I'll sing thee then,
When all the world is dreaming.
Meet me in the willow glen,
When the silver moon is beaming;
Songs of love I'll sing thee then
If you'll meet me in the willow glen.

No prying eye shall come, love,
No stranger foot be seen,
And the distant village hum, love,
Shall echo through the glen:
The busy village hum, love,
Shall echo through the glen.
Meet me, &c.

To melodious mandolins
My song I'll softly blend, love,
While to thee my melody
A soothing balm shall lend, love,
To melodious, &c.

FRIENDS OF MY YOUTH.

Where are the frienns of my youth?
Say! where are those cheris'd ones gone?
And why have they droop'd with the leaf,
Ah! why have they left me to mourne.
Their voices still sound in my ear,
Their features I see in my dreams;
And the world is a wilderness drear,
As a wide-spreading desert it seems.
Where are the friends, &c.

Say! can I ever again,
Such ties can I ever renew!
Or feel those warm pulses again
Which beats for the dear one's it knew?
The world as a winter is cold,
Each charm seems to vanish away;
My heart is now blighted and old,
It shares in all nature's decay.
Ah! where are the friends, &c.

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

The words of this Song are taken from a Poem attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh, and supposed to have been written by him when a prisoner in the Tower and condemned to death.

Go, soul, the body's guest.
Upon a thankless errand;
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant—
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell love it is but lust,
Tell time it is but motion,
Tell flesh it is but dust—
And let them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindnes,
Tell nature of decay,
Tell friendship of unkindness,
Tell justice ol delay—
Aud if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

And when thou hast—as I
Commanded thee—done blabbing,
Altho' to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing—
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill.

THE OLD CHIMNEY CORNER.

In the dear old chimney corner let us circl
round the fire,
For the wind it whistles mournfully, chi
falls the evening dew;
Our fire has life existence, heap the blazin
faggot higher,
As warm and bright it kindles, will eac
bosom kindle too;
'Tis a friend, a glad companion, thro' th
lonely winter night,
Its creation how delightful, to neglect
were a shame,
How it blazes! how it sparkles! as it bur
from smoke to light,
With life and voice it leaps and speaks, fee
merry hearts the flame.
In the old chimney corner, in the old chimne
corner, [round the fire
In the dear old chimney corner let us circl

In the snug old chimney corner is the off'rin
burnt of home; [shrine
The sacrifice of heart at hospitality's ow
The incense of good fellowship we'll raise t
all that come,
From which as high the smoke ascends we'l
omens draw divine.

lythe fire! what fairy visions in thy cheerful
front we trace,
Bright faces, sunny landscapes, that still
smile at every care.
hy ashes tells us we must die—but thoughts
of sorrow chase,
And with our fireside songs my merry hearts
defy despair.
In the old chimney corner, in the old chim-
ney corner,
the cosey chimney corner let us circle
round the fire.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

o the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse
spoke,
re the King's crown go down there are
crowns to be broke;
hen each cavalier who loves honour and me,
et him follow the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.
ome fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
ome saddle my horses, and call out my men;
nhook the west port, and let us gae free,
or its up with the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

undee he has mounted, he rides up the street,
he bells they ring backwards, the drums they
are beat;
ut the Provost (douce mon) said "just e'en
let it be,
or the toun is weel rid o' that the de'il of
[Dundee."
Come fill up m, cup, &c.
here are hills beyonu Pentland, and lands
beyond Forth,
there's lords in the south there are chiefs in
[the north;
heir are brave Dunnie-vassals three thousand
times three,
ill cry heigh for the bonnets of Bonnie
Dundee. Come fill up my cup, &c.
hen awa to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks,
re I own a usurper I'll crouch wi' the fox;
nd tremble, false whigs in the midst o' your
glee,
e hae no' seen the last o' my bonnets and me.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

'LL BE NO SUBMISSIVE WIFE.

I'll be no submissive wife—no not I,
I'll not be a slave for life—no, not I,
Think you on a wedding day
That I'd say as others say
Love honour and obey—no, not I.
I to dullness don't incline—no, not I,
Go to bed at half-past nine—no, not I,
Should a hum-drum husband say,
That at home I ought to stay,
Do you think that I'd obey—no, not I.

LONDON MISNOMERS

Oh! London's a comical place,
Where comical people do dwell;
Where comical streets you may trace,
And comical things the folks tell.
But what is more comical still,
Although it seems quite a fiction,
Each street with its name chimes or ill
That the whole is a plump contradiction.
Fol-de-rol &c.

First Cheapside is known to be dear,
Wood-street's all stones, bricks and mortar,
In Milk-street the people drinks beer,
In Beer-lane there's plenty of water.
In the Poultry no fowls you will see,
You need'nt go there for conviction;
In Love-lane the folks disagree,
Thus the whole is a plump contradiction.
On Saffron-hill every thing's brown,
In Low-street you seldom see cattle;
In Water-lane folks cannot drown,
In Angel-court, lor, what a prattle,
In Honey-lane there's not a bee,
Though drones there may meet no restriction
In Orchard-street grows not a tree,
Thus the whole is a plump contradiction.
In Fleet-street the coaches go slow,
Racquet-court's peaceful and quiet;
You'll not find an arrow in Bow,
And Paradise-place is all riot
Still-alley is pestered with noise,
Which the neighbours all find an affliction,
In Lad-lane there are very few boys,
Thus the whole is a plump contradiction.
In New River head is its tail,
Mount Pleasant with mud is offensive;
In New-street they sell things quite stale,
Little Britain is very extensive.
That the New-road is old, is quite true,
In Truth-street live dealers in fiction,
While Old-street is looking quite new,
Thus the whole is a plump contradiction.
Mount-street as a pancake is flat,
While Hill-street is all of a level,
Green-street as black as your hat,
And Down-street as rough as the devil.
In Golden-lane some keep a pig,
In spite of Mike Taylor's restrictions,
In Bush-lane you can't see a twig,
Thus the whole is a plump contradiction.
In Ryder-street all the folks walk,
In Waikers court some keep their trotters.
In Dumb Alley all the folks talk,
In Queen-street are treasons and plotters,
Then, ye streets, lanes and alleys, adieu,
Like your dwellers, you're all but a fiction,
For search London through and through,
'Tis nought but a plump contradiction.

THE LOW-BACKED CAR.

When first I saw sweet Peggy,
'Twas on a market day,
A low-back'd car she drove and sat
Upon a truss of hay;
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And decked with flow'rs of spring,
No flow'r was there that could compare
With the blooming girl I sing.
As she sat in the low backed car—
The man at the turnpike bar—
Never asked for his toll,
But just rubbed his old poll,
And look'd after the low-back'd car.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters
By far outnumbers these;
While she among her poultry sits
Just like a turtle dove,
Well worth the cage I do engage,
Of the Blooming god of love.
While she sits in the low-back'd car
The lovers come near and far,
And envy the chicken
That Peggy is pickin'—
As she sits in the low-backed car,

Oh, I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four and gold galore,
And a lady for my bride;
For the lady would set fornest me
On a cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would set beside me
With my arm around her waist.
While we drove in the low-back'd car
To be married by Father Maher.
Oh, my heart would beat high
At each glance and each sigh,
Though it beat in a low-back'd car.

O CHARMING MAY.

Oh, charming May; fresh fair and gay,
That com'st from thy bow'rs 'mid perfume and flowers,
Charming, charming, charming May.
Thou art spring with its wintery days gone by
And summer without its scorching sky—
The sun may be bright, the storm may be free
But the tranquil beauty of May for me.
Oh, charming May! &c.

There is gladness and joy in thy genial face,
Fit emblem of innocence, freshness and grace
There is peaceful delight to me ever dear,
In the charming May, the queen of the year;
Oh, charming May! &c.

ALTERATION;

OR REMINISCENCES AND COMPARISON.

I shall make no apology in these days of phre
nology, for having a lump called 'Compari
son's bump,' and comparing the presen
and past—
For it strikes me very strongly, that man
things go wrongly, in fact it can't be worse
for everything's *vice versa* to straight-for
ward and fair, as in good times that were
but I don't think the system can last;
Then our fathers had sense, to take care of th
pence, and honestly tried, for rainy days t
provide, in case any ill luck should befal—
To be sure times are such, young bloods don
want much—there's no old-fashioned way
tailors' long bills to pay—for now they don
pay them at all!
But it's alteration! alteration!
In every thing there's an alteration!

Oh! then a tradesman's son, when busines
was done, would sit with his sister, and pla
a rubber at whist, or somehow make himse
easy without wanting to hear Grisi, and g
contented to bed about ten—
Necessity didn't see, to go ont for a spree an
felt no desire to pull a bell wire, would a
count it a shocker, to wrench off a knocke
or create a sensation by such recreatio
which wasn't invented then!
Formerly in trade fair profit could be mad
on a genuine article, without gammon
particle--*now* in the purchasers sight, yo
must declare black is white and the whi
lie learn well to be hiding--
The streets were paved with stone, and woo
pavements wasn't known, which of muc
fun a source is, when the omnibus hors
sprall over the street all, and can't kee
their feet at all, when on wet days they
out a sliding! But it's alteration

By a soldier, in days of yore, was meant a ma
of war who used musket sword aud dagg
—*now* he's a man with a swagger, o
of those stuffed dashing blades, who sedu
servant maids, and wear a scarlet jacket
And Shopmen didn't come the *militaire*, wi
their chins smudged with hair, nor cut
duced splash, without any cash, or any go
manners to back it!
Now the Waterproof science, sets wet at d
fiance—no puddle's a searcher, for sol
Gutta Percha—cheap Umbrellas so sum
tuous which is surely presumptuous, becau
if rain wasn't sent with a soaking inten
why it wouldn't come down at all!
Now one may walk for an hour in a pelti

down shower, and receive all that falls without changing one's smalls, or requiring a drain to keep out the rain, which is surely a saving not small!

But it's alteration, &c,

Then native singers gave, some good English stave, or a ballad of feeling, and by foreign squealing would have thought their ears wounded, but prefer a good tune did, instead of a shake and a squall—

And modesty wasn't rare, though the fair sex were fair—ladies virtue protected, without being affected but were cheerful and pleasant withal

In the days I have named, a wife wasn't ashamed to be then a shirt stitching, or inspecting the kitchen, and didn't despise making puddings and pies, but sought by such means approbation—

Now every married beauty's above domestic duties, but deems it sufficient, if in fashion proficient—thinks ev'ry thing fill'd in two points to be skill'd in—the *Piano* and *Propagation*!

But it's alteration, &c.

Expenses none knew for blue ruffians who, if a friend you should meet and stop in the street some subject to talk on, gruffly tells you to walk on!' though the cooks they well know how wheedle!

A few Charleys old, who had always a cold, asthmatic and hoarse where the only police force, and to rule and chastise, noisy boys of small size, and all old women abusive the right was exclusive of his highness the parish beadle—

Then if you were robb'd a pistol was bobb'd, right into your face, with a vast deal of grace, by a highwayman daring, with a gentleman's bearing—and he gave your fob lightness, with so much politeness---it realy was quite gratifying!

Now a set of vile prigs, with their beggarly rigs your hankerchief steal, without letting you feel, or any thing knowing, till your nasal wants blowing, and you find it is gone upon trying! But its alteration, &c.

Formerly amputation was a great operation —to feeling most grating and excruciating —the very idea on't, was broach'd with much fear on't, and the agony really was frightful---

Now with ether so dozy, one drops off quite cosey, and off goes your leg, and they screw on a peg, and the only sensation's a nice titillation, and your dreams all the while are delightful!

Then fellows of straw, paletots never wore, nor expensive things bought, but drest as they ought---and men of vast riches, wore corduroy breeches, and a pair of top boots or Hessians---

And I'll observe to conclude, people were not so rude, as to go asking about, 'Does your mother know you're out?' 'Where's Eliza?' or use any such low-lifed expressions!

But its alteration, &c.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

John Anderson my Jo, John,
When we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was brent;
But now you're growing auld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
Yet blessings on your frosty pou,
John Anderson my Jo

John Anderson my Jo, John,
When nature first began,
To try her cautie hand, John,
Her master work was man;
And you among them all, John,
Sae trig fra top to toe,
She proved to be nae journey work
John Anderson my Jo.

John Anderson my Jo, John,
We climbed the hill together;
And many a cautie day John,
We've had with ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go
And we'll sleep together at the foot,
John Anderson my Jo.

THE ITALIAN FLOWER GIRL'S SONG.

Buy my flowers, buy my flowers,
Young and blushing flowers I bring!
Fresh with the dews of golden showers,
Buy my buds of early spring.
Not a shadow o'er them growing,
Nor a sigh for friends away;
They are still with beauty glowing,
Like our hearts in childhood's day.
Buy my flow'rs, buy, O buy.

Buy my flowers, buy my flowers,
They are like my own bright skies,
Telling but of sunny hours,
Joyous hearts and laughing eyes.
If a grief should gather o'er thee,
When away from friends you roam,
Let these buds be still before thee,
For they'll speak of love and home.

A YOUNG MAID'S CURE FOR AN OLD MAN'S GOUT.

Sir Geoff'ry lay in his cushion'd chair,
Nursing a gouty knee;
My Lady Dorothy, tall and spare,
Was mixing his Colchicum tea.
And Alice, with her soft blue eyes,
Was teaching her poodle to jump at flies,
Sir Geoff'ry mutter'd, Sir Geoff'ry moan'd,
At each twitch of his ancient foe,
And Dorothy grumbled, and Dorothy groan'd,
"Was there ever so red a toe."
That poor old Knight when it plagu'd him worst,
T' the hatchet had willingly yielded my *first*.

She smooth'd his pillow, she mix'd his draught
No doctor was half so clever;
He swallow'd the pill, the dose he quaff'd,
But the toe was as red as ever.
Oh, a maiden lady, of sixty-three,
Makes my *second* but ill for a gouty knee.
But *Alice came*, with her tiny hand,
To where the old Knight lay;
And a simple touch like a fairy wand,
Has banish'd his plague away!
And Sir Geoff'ry mutter'd, nor cry, nor call,
While blue-ey'd Alice smooth'd my ALL.

I've heard of Sir Benjamin's far-fam'd skill
At setting a broken bone,
I've read of Sir Anthony's marvellous pill
When sciatica touch'd my own.
But I never could learn 'mong rich or poor,
So wond'rous a thing as Sir Geoffry's cure,
For all your doctors with all their brains,
Might write 'till their pens ran dry,
But they never could banish Sir Geoff'rys pains
Shall I tell you the reason why?
Old Galen's pages have quite left out
A young maid's cure for an old man's gout!

I'LL FOLLOW THEE.

I'll follow thee wherever thou may'st go,
To the burning sunshine or the realms of winter snow;
For the world is not as boundless as a woman's heart can be,
So wherever thou may'st wander, I'll follow follow thee.

I'll follow thee, whatever thou may'st prize,
Of fame and grandeur to be won beneath the alien skies;
For the world owns no such treasure as a faithful heart can be,
Then wherever thou may'st wander I'll follow, follow thee.

HE'S A CHARMING FELLOW!

He's a charming fellow,
He's a sprightly fellow,
O, he's a handsome fellow,
This roving swain of mine.
Charming, sprightly, oh, he's, &c.

Tho' prudence bid me blame him,
If a heart have power to tame him,
I'll risk one to reclaim him,
This wand'ring swain of mine.
I'll risk one to reclaim, &c.

He has wit and sense, and spirit,
Though a cottage he inherit,
With him I'll blithely share it,
And think my lot divine.
With him I'll blithely, &c.

THE LUGGER.

List to the storm, see the dark frowning sky,
The breakers are foaming, the billows run high
Hark! now the minute gun looms o'er the wave,
'Tis the signal for help, from the bold to the brave. [mist,
Bear a hand, my brisk lads, see a sail thro' the
Standing up 'gainst a sea she can never resist;
The gale is o'erwhelming, her storm beaten crew
Can ne'er keep her off, boys—there's work now for you.

Still wilder the blast, and the sea mountains high, [we fly.
She strikes! my brave hearts, to our lugger
Heave a ho! we're afloat! trust your skipper's tried skill, [ill.
His heart knows no danger, and yours fear no
Pull away, pull away, o'er the breakers we ride
Our arms full of strength, and our hearts full of pride; [wreck,
Pull, pull boys together, she'll soon make the
And cheer ev'ry heart on that storm-stricken deck.

See, see, now her main-mast is gone by the board, [afford;
She rights! pull away boys, our help quick
Now ev'ry hand, ev'ry heart do his best,
And heaven be with us, our toil shall be blest.
Stand by now, my hearts, heave a line from your bow; [now;
Be cool boys, be steady, we're well by you
Vere away, set the foresail, for shore now we run, [done.
Hurrah, boys! we've saved them, our duty is

CHEER, BOYS! CHEER.

Cheer—boys—cheer! no more of idle sorrow,
Courage, true hearts shall bear us on our way,
Hope points before, and shows th e bright to-
morrow,
Let us forget the darkness of to-day.
So farewell, England, much as we may love
thee,
We'll dry the tears that we have shed before,
Why should we weep to sail in search of for-
tune,
So farewell, England—farewell evermore.
Cheer boys, cheer! for England! mother
England! [hand,
Cheer boys, cheer! the willing strong right
Cheer boys, cheer! there's wealth for honest
labour,
Cheer boys, cheer! for the new and happy
land.

Cheer boys cheer! the steady breeze is blowing
To float us freely o'er the ocean's breast,
The world shall follow in the track we're going
The star of Empire glitters in the West.
Here we had toil, and little to reward it,
But *there* shall plenty smile upon our pain,
And ours shall be the prairie and the forest,
And boundless meadows ripe with golden grain
Cheer boys, cheer! for England! mother
England!
Cheer boys, cheer! united heart and hand;
Cheer boys, cheer! there's wealth for honest
labour, [land.
Cheer boys, cheer! for the new and happy

BUY MY MOSS ROSES.

Buy my moss roses, buy my moss roses,
Dripping with the early dew;
Come buy them I pray, I rose with the day
To gather them fresh for you.
Buy my moss roses, buy my moss roses,
Fairest of blooming things;
Giving their balm to the zephyr's calm
That flit o'er their gossamer wings.
Buy I pray—buy I pray,
Buy my moss roses, &c.

Bright things come here to welcome and cheer
Her balm and bloom while she blows;
But from us they fly when she breath'd her
last sigh,
Then who would not love the moss rose?
Fair is her bloom, and fleet is her doom,
As the bee to her sorrow well knows,
While round she doth fly to inhale the last
sigh,
And worship the gentle moss rose.
Buy I pray, buy I pray.
Buy my moss roses &c.

BRIGHT LAND OF MY FATHERS.

Bright land of my fathers, once more do I
greet thee, [behold;
Yes, England, my country, once more I
Lov'd friends of my childhood, again do I
meet ye,
With heart as unchanging and fond as of old.
Ah, dear ones, ye know not the blissful emotion
The joy which came o'er me, the speechless
delight, [ocean.
When after long years pass'd beyond the dark
The cliffs of my country burst full on my sight.
Ye wept for the wand'rer, ye deem'd he had
perish'd
In climes far away from his own native isle,
The hope of re-union affection had cherished,
Fled from ye my kindred, 'twas but for
awhile; [me,
The clouds of misfortune which hover'd around
Are vanish'd, and all is serene as before.
Lov'd friends of my childhood, again I have
found ye, [more!
Bright land of my fathers, I leave thee no

MADOLINE.

I dream of thee, sweet Madoline!
So beautiful and bright;
My mem'ry weaves each look of thine
With ev'ry thought of light,
Thou art the music of my heart,
That whispers thro' each day;
That speaks thy name in every breeze,
When far from thee away.
I dream of thee, &c.

I dream of thee dear Madoline!
Thro' life's sad waste of years;
Like springs sweet breath to flowers that droop
Thy beaming smile appears.
Whene'er the world may cast its care,
When sorrow near I see,
I fear no shade, for in my grief,
I turn again to thee.
I dream of thee, &c

SAILOR BOY'S RETURN.

'Tis five long years since I left home
The ocean's restless path to roam,
But now my native land I see,
The past a dream, 'tis nought to me.
My father died, my mother wept,
And would her only child have kept,
Yet I would not a burthen be,
So left my home and went to sea;
Thou little thinks my mother dear,
Thy roving boy is now so near;
My country's cliffs my eyes delight—
Yes, England's shores are now in sight.

E'en as he spoke, a fearful gale
Sprang up and filled out every sail—
A cry of "some one overboard"
Amidst the stormy wind is heard;
'Tis he, that youth so full of hope,
Who vainly struggles for the rope;
He points his hand towards the shore,
The waves dash on, he's seen no more.
Where now thy hopes thy mother's smile
Departed all but for a while—
The past a dream, 'tis nought to thee,
Now thou art sleeping in the sea.

WE WON'T GO HOME TILL MORNING.

Written by Mr. W. H. C. West.

Brave boys, let's all be jolly!
A fig for melancholy—
Since grieving's all a folly,
'Tis folly to grieve, that's clear!
While good humour each face is adorning,
While sorrow in glee we are scorning
We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight does appear!
We won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morning, &c,
Till daylight does appear!
Till daylight, &c.
We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight does appear!

When first the vine was planted,
A boon to man was granted—
The world became enchanted,
And sorrow in fright took wing!
But to keep her for ever away boys,
We to Bacchus our homage must pay, boys—
So here while we may let us stay, boys,
And out of pure gratitude sing—
We won't go home, &c.

Great Jove was a hearty good fellow,
As poets of old could tell, O—
With nectar he used to get mellow—
(And no doubt it was jolly good stuff!)
Such example we cannot but follow,
Then hogsheads of wine let us swallow,
Till we beat the old gentleman hollow,
But never cry 'Hold, enough!'
So we can't go home till morning—
We won't go home, &c.

What the pleasure of wine surpasses,
When bright in the sparkling glasses?
Tis quaffed to the beautiful lasses—
Oh, rich are the joys that spring!
Since the brightest of pleasure on earth boys,
Must in the full wine cup have birth boys,
Brave Bacchus will join in our mirth boys,
And merrily merrily sing,—
We won't go home, &c.

Sobersides may rail if they will, boys,
At the wisdom of drinking still, boys—
But those who will not drink their fill boys,
Such fellows deserve to be sad!
There's no sorrow but wine can cure boys—
There's nothing in life we endure, boys,
But to drown it in wine we are sure, boys,
Then rant and roar like mad,
We won't go home, &c,

LONG PARTED HAVE WE BEEN

Long parted have we been,
Many troubles have we seen;
Since the weary day we left them, on our good old English shore,
And we took a last farewell to return to them no more.
But they're coming, coming, coming,
They are coming with the flowers,
They are coming with the summer,
To this new land of ours.
And we'll all forget our sadness,
And shake their hands in gladness;
And bid them joyous welcome,
To this new land of ours.

How often have we prayed,
They were here;
The friends, the dear relations, and the lovers fond and true, [we knew
To share our better fortune, and all the joys
And they're coming, coming, coming,
They are coming with the flowers;
They are coming with the summer,
To this new land of ours.
And we'll give them cordial greeting,
And have a merry meeting,
And a day of true rejoicing,
In this new land of ours.

In all our happiness,
There seemed a joy the less;
When we looked around, and missed them by the fireside's cheerful glow,
The old familiar comrades that we loved so long ago.
But they're coming, coming, coming,
They are coming with the flowers
They are coming with the summer,
To this new land of ours.
It needs but their embraces,
And all their smiling faces;
To make us quite contented,
In this new land of ours.

COLUMBIA.

The National Song of America.. Published by Purday.

Columbia's shores are wild and wide,
Columbia's hills are high;
And rudely planted side by side,
Her forests meet the eye
But narrow must those shores be made,
And low Columbia's hills,
And low her ancient forests laid,
Ere freedom leaves her fields;
For 'tis the land where rude and wild,
She played her gambols when a child.

And deep and wide her streams all flow,
Impetuous to the tide;
And thick and green the laurels grow
On every river's side;
But should a transatlantic host
Pollute her water's fair;
We'll meet them on the rocky coast,
And gather laurels there;
For oh! Columbia's sons are brave,
And free as ocean's wildest wave.

The gales that wave her mountain pine
Are fragrant and serene;
And ne'er a clearer sun did shine
Than lights her valleys green.
But putrid must those breezes blow,
That sun must set in gore;
Ere footsteps of a foreign foe
Imprint Columbia's shore.
For oh! her sons are brave and free,
Their breasts beat high with liberty.

Then let Columbia's eagle soar,
And bear her banner high;
The thunder from her dexter pour,
And lightning from her eye.
And when she sees from realms above,
The storm of war is spent!
Descending like the welcome dove,
The olive branch present.
And then shall beauty's hand divine,
The never fading wreath entwine.

In purple streams let Europe wade,
And frantic in her mood:
In civil discord draw the blade,
And spill the nation's blood.
Too dear the skill in arms are bought,
Where kindred life blood flows;
Columbia's sons are only taught
To triumph o'er their foes.
And then to comfort, soothe, and save,
The feelings of the conquered brave.

BEAUTIFUL SUMMER.

Music at Williams, Cheapside.

Beautiful summer, there's joy on your wing,
Around ye the breath of the flower bells cling;
There's sunshine and beauty wherever ye play,
Beautiful summer, oh, fly not away.
Beautiful summer, oh, fly not away.

In the forest thy pinions are wooing the trees
Their green heads to bend to the light happy breeze; [fly,
And the flowers look up with a blush as ye
To open their blossoms when summer is nigh.
Beautiful summer, &c.

Yet the bloom of thy flowers, the breath on thy wing, [bring;
The sunshine and beauty, your happy day
With the cold touch of winter will wither away, [decay.
Yet, summer we'll love thee, tho' doom'd to
Beautiful summer, &c.

THE POOR LITTLE MAID.

Music published by Duncombe and Moon.

When a poor little maid feels her senses astray,
Cannot sleep on her pillow, or rest all the day,
Sees a form still pursue her, do all that she can,
And this form bears the shape of a handsome young man. [day,
Sly neighbours will whisper, Oh, dear lack-a-
The poor little maid's in a very sad way.
Sly neighbours, &c.

When of all her old friends she begins to grow shy, [a sigh;
When she speaks very seldom, and speaks with
When, tho' witty or wise, she appears like a dunce, [at once,
And folks wonder what's come to the girl all
Sly neighbours, &c.

But oh, when the wedding ring with her unites
This handsome young man in love's blissful delights; [her sighs,
She enchants all her friends, laughs away all
Seems no longer a dunce, but more witty and wise.
Sly neighbours then whisper'd how changed since the day
She appeared to us all in a very bad way.

LAND! LAND!

The dangers of the deep are past,
We're drawing near our home at last,
We see its outline on the sky,
And join the sailor's welcome cry
Land! Land! Land!
Oh! joyful thought for weary men,
To tread the solid earth again!

And hark! the church bells pealing near,
From spire and turret, loud and clear,
As if they rang so loud and free,
To bid us welcome o'er the sea!
Land! Land! Land!
The cry makes every heart rejoice,
Is this the country of our choice?
Is this the long sought happy soil,
Where plenty spreads the board of toil!

Land! Land! Land!
How gladly through its paths we'll tread,
With bounding step, uplifted head,
And through its wilds and forests roam,
To clear our farms, to build our home;
And sleep at night, and never dread
That morn shall see us wanting bread.

Land! Land! Land!
We've passed together oier the sea,
In storm and sunshine, comrades we,
But 'ere we part, let's gather round,
And shout with one accord the sound
Of—Land! Land! Land!

The land of the rivers broad and deep,
The land where he who sows may reap;
The land where, if we ploughmen will,
We may possess the fields we till;
So gather all, and shout once more,
The Land! The Land! hurrah for shore!

THE CHRISTENING.

Written by T. H. Reynoldson, Esq

Sound cymbals and ophicleides, trumpets and drums—
Sound! sound!
For a month I've been half broken hearted
Sound and proclaim it aloud to the whole world around,
That the doctor and nurse have departed.
Oh, such a horrid life—oh, such a fuss and strife,
Ne'er did one see—
As when a baby's born, dear though it be!
Dear though it be!

Now for all bachelors edification,
I'll procced to set forth to your view sirs,
A full, and true, and complete narration,
Of what husbands at these times go through sirs.
Oh, such a horid life,
Ne'er did one see,
As when a baby's born,
Dear though it be!

Now to begin my woes to rehearse—
First, there's that terrible creature the nurse!
She makes such a rout—she orders about,
Till your house she completely turns inside out
She can't eat this, and she cant eat that—
She likes all the lean—not a bit of the fat!
For all your black looks she don't care a pin—
The only thing she does seem to care for is gin! [see—
She likes that in all manner of ways, as you'll
She has gin in her beer, and gin in her tea,
She puts gin in the gruel, and gin in the caudle—
In short she's a regular gin-spinning dawdle.
On gin she rejoices—on gin she cries—
Gin when the child's born and gin if it dies!

But to return to my history—
Next comes the gossippings!
Friends and relations!
Congratulations!
'What a sweet darling angel! how like his mamma!
'What a lovely little cherub! The very image of his papa-ah-ah!

SPOKEN.

Now, do you know what I think a baby a fortnight old is more like than any thing else? 'No, what?' A small red cabbage!'

Oh such a fussicking, ne'er did one see,
As when a baby's born—dear though they be!
Then came our christening—I wished it well over— [clover,
Far I was on thorns though the nurse was in
Friends coming hopping in!
Her perquisites poping in!
The shocking old gipsey
Got horribly tipsy!
And by the Lord Harry,
They made me the child carry!

We arrived at church late—
Made the clergyman wait—
He'd a couple to marry—
For us couldn't tarry.
All—all in a hurry—
My wife in a flurry!
All—all in a hurry—
My wife in——when

Zounds, what a screaming and bawling!
Oh. what a squalling!
Oh, accident dire! As was his wont,
The clergyman held the child over the font,
But while sprinkling it's face to cleanse it from sin,
The nervous old fumbler had dropt it bang in!
The godmothers both of 'em fainted!
The baby puffed and panted!
My wife made a regular rout,
While I bolted out!
The godmothers fainted, the poor baby panted
My wife made a rout, and I bolted out!
The godmothers fainted, &c

Thus in one torment, rumpus, and riot,
The nurse always drinking—the child never quiet—
My wife always scolding, the house topsy turvy—
The last horrid month has passed away!
But now she's gone—oh, happy day!
So sound drums and trumpets, oh, happy day.

THE GIPSY'S TENT.

Our fire on the turf and tent 'neath the tree,
Carousing by moonlight so merry are we:
Let the lord boast his castle, the baron his hall;
But the home of the Gipsies is widest of all.
We laugh at our cups and shout loud as we will
'Till echo rings back from wood, welkin, and hill;
No joys seem to us like the joys that are lent
To the wondrous life in the Gipsy's tent.

Pant you for beauty; and where would you seek such bloom as is found on the tawny one's cheek?
Our limbs they move nimbly, and bounding with health,
Are worth all your pale faces and coffers of wealth.
We have nought to control us, we rest or we roam,
Our will is our law, and the world is our home;
Even Job would repine at his lot if he spent
The night of wild glee in the Gipsy's tent.

Some crime and much folly may fall to our lot
We have sins; and pray where is there one who has not?
We are rogues, arrant rogues; but remember well spare,
'tis rare
That we take but from those who can very well spare,
You may tell us of deeds justly branded with shame;
And if great ones heard truth you might tell them the same;
For there's many a king would have less to become,
repent,
If his throne was as pure as a Gipsy's tent.

THE GARDENER'S CALENDAR.

Written by James Bruton.

A woman's like a garden, and when love I make,
The 'Gardener's Calendar' I always take.
The rules are full of right and reason,
And I find 'em by no means never out of season.
What a very many things in a book about the garden,
If you want to make love, you ever will see.
January's first, and when a lass you've found,
And for cultivating her heart you think you ground,
Watch her with care, do your axing to she,
And tell her her husbandman you wish to be.
What a very, &c.

In February then, so this here wolume declares
You will find is the month for grafting pears
Now form you plots, have spade and barrow in
Dig away at her heart, and then begin your harrowing.
What a very, &c.

In March and April rather warmer's the skies
And love, like a tater, takes root at the eyes;
Though woman in her April may shed tears like fun,
Never mind, you soon may have a little sun.
What a very, &c.

The next month comes in gaudy array,
Though 'twas 'mustn't' before, now it is all 'may.'
Now of your thyme strict care be taking,
And don't do no hoeing, and leave off raking.
What a very, &c.

At June and July I take a glance cursory,
Now turn your thoughts unto the nursery,
And for very tender annuals now prepare,
And to the live stock show unkimmon care.
What a very, &c.

At August and September the pages I lift,
Study your wife's heart'sease, she'll study your thrift—
Your patches she'll look to—nor trouble she spares—
Your sowing she'll do, and find out the tares
What a very, &c.

In October and November my finger now launches—
Watch and train up young shoots, and prune stray branches—
Superfluous leaves lop, and be their law maker
And let 'em know how many rods will go to an acre.
What a very, &c.

December comes last—Nature she grieves
With a wisage of rue, and, like me, ends her leaves;
And woman at life's close, makes a man become, oft
To be not worth a fig, or else worth a plum.
What a very, &c.

TOM BOWLING.

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broach'd him too.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft.
And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many, and true hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair.
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah, many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall Poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When he who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus death, who kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doffed;
For, though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

THE FLITCH OF BACON.

The spruce Mr. Clark
Was a young Essex spark,
A farmer uxorious and rich;
He loved dearly as his life,
Fried bacon and his wife;
And says he, 'My duck, we'll claim the flitch.'

Mrs. Clark ('twas in bed)
Loved bacon, she said;
But she vow'd she'd no more see it spoil'd;
Crying, 'Clark, you're quite mistaken,
If you think to fry that bacon,
I insist that every bit shall be boil'd.'

Mr. Clark (though 'twas night)
Jump'd in bed bolt upright,
Quite enraged at his rib by his side;
'And,' says he, 'Now, madam, mark!
Though I love you, Mrs. Clark,
I'll be d—d if it shan't all be fried.'

The dispute ran so high,
'Twixt a boil and a fry,
That Clark, though he argued it roundly,
Put an end to all turmoiling,
As to frying or to boiling,
By basting Mrs. Clark very soundly

These turtles, no doubt,
Very soon found out
That their claim to the flitch could be shaken,
They had children blithe as larks,
But all the little Clarks
Were mark'd with a rasher of bacon.

NEWSPAPER NOVELTIES.

Air—John White.

I'm getting hypochondriacal
By *ennui* and the blues;
And surely I should hang myself,
If 'twas not for the *news*,
Bring me the "Daily;" let me read,
And try to scare each vapour;
Don't interrupt me while you see
I'm *wrapp'd up in the paper*.

What's here? "A dreadful accident!"
Oh, lawk! I must read that;
"At Meux's brewery a man
Dropp'd in a boiling vat."
Well, that makes good what I've oft said,
For this explains it clear,—
That "Meux and Co. contrive to have
A body in their beer,"

"Last night a large fishmonger's shop
Caught fire near St. Paul's;
And in one half-hour it had left
Nought but the outside walls!"
Well, I see nothing much in this,
Nor is't a piteous case;
It saved much trouble in their trade
By *gutting all their plaice*!

"Last night, in Astley's gallery,
A man who tried to sit
In the first row, in rushing pitch'd
Clean over in the pit.
The managers are sorry." Why?—
They ought to be in clover;
It isn't every night they get
A full house and *one over*.

"Policeman B. a poor man saw
Upon the pavement sunk
Last night; and lifting him up found
He was not dead but drunk,"
This may be wonderful to some,
But I see through things quicker,
The man he merely proved himself
A tumbler full of liquor.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he's girded on,
And the wild harp strung behind him.
Land of song, said the warrior bard,
Tho' all the world betray thee,
One sword at least its right shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee.

The minstrel fell, but the foeman's chains,
Could not keep his proud soul under,
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
He tore the strings asunder.
And said, "no chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery,
Thy songs were made for the pure and free
They shall never sound in slavery!"

PRETTY PATTY PALMER.

Music at Ransford's.

Love has chain'd my breast with his rosy fetters
Stamp'd with beauty's crest, like a postman's letters;
Would you know my belle, dear, bewitching charmer?
Sweet her name to spell, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty Patty Palmer.
Pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, Patty Palmer,
Pretty, pretty, pretty, Patty!

Gentle are her ways, neither free nor haughty,
Gracefully she plays on the piano-forte;
Fifty hearts of steel one must have to harm her,
She is so genteel, pretty pretty, pretty, pretty Patty Palmer.
Pretty, pretty, &c.

Lovers she has got young and old to catch her
But of all the lot I'm the man to match her;
When the word I pop, "Will you wed me charmer?"
How her heart will hop, pretty, pretty, pretty Patty Palmer,
Pretty, pretty, &c.

HE WAS SUCH A NICE YOUNG MAN.

If pity dwell within your breast,
Some sympathy pray spare,
Of love that breaks young ladies' rest,
Indeed I've had my share.
His form is ever in my sight,
Forget I never can,
I'm haunted by him day and night,
He was such a nice young man.

'Twas at ball held in the west,
On me he first did glance,
So gently he my fingers press'd,
And asked me out to dance;
I blushed and whispered No, no, no,
Then smiling, dropt my fan,
For how could I refuse to dance,
He was such a nice young man,

The dance now o'er my hand he took,
And led me to a seat,
And sighing, gave me such a look,
I'd ne'er seen one so sweet.
Refreshments begged of me to take,
I did the dainties scan,
Alas! I'd lost my appetite,
He was such a nice young man.

When growing late about to leave,
It rained in torrents fast
Said he Dear Miss, I really grieve,
I fear that it will last;
Then quick he hurried from the room
And for a coach he ran;
His kindness quite o'erpower'd me,
He was such a nice young man.

As thro' the hall we went along,
He begg'd for my address,
I gave it him, not thinking wrong,
He was in such distress;
His card emboss'd he handed me,
With "Captain" Miss, I am,
My stars! thought I, O here's a chance,
He was such a nice young man.

Next morning drest and breakfast done,
Heart beating with desire,
The hall-door bell was loudly rung,
Enough to break the wire;
I thought I should have died with fright,
Up came our servant Ann.
A gentleman, Miss, waits below,
He is such a nice young man,

Almost I'd sunk 'twixt hope and fear,
I wish'd I was far,
Guess my surprise him now to hear
Conversing with Mamma:
Such language elegant he used,
He did her heart trepan;
She said she no objection had,
He was such a nice young man.

Now stop to dine wtth us you must.
I will not take denial;
Excuse me, Ma'am this visit first
Is far to great a trial.
Well, call again whene'er yon please,
For visit here you can,
I'll call again to-morrow, Ma'am,
Said my very nice young man.

From house he scarce was out of sight,
When from the lower rooms,
A servant maid came in a fright,
And cried, He's stole the spoons
Ah! fetch him back, Mamma, she cries,
Off went our footman Dan,
Who brought him back, we found the spoons
Upon this nice young man.

A caution, ladies, give I must,
The moral I well know,
'Tis never the appearance trust
Of any dashing beau;
For this is what I should have done,
When to notice he began,
But who'd have thought he was a thief,
He was such a nice young man.

THE OLD COMMODORE.

Od'sblood, what a time for a seaman to skulk
  Under gingerbread hatches ashore;
What a d—d bad job that this batter'd old hulk
  Can't be rigg'd out for sea once more.
  But the puppies, as they pass,
  Cocking up their squinting glass,
Thus run down the old commodore;
  That's the old commodore—
  The rum old commodore—
The gouty old commodore!—He!—
  Why the bullets and the gout
  Have so knock'd his hull about,
That he'll never more be fit for sea.

Here am I in distress, like a ship water-logg'd,
  Not a tow-rope at hand, or an oar;
I am left by my crew, and may I be flogg'd
  But the doctor's a son of a w—e.
  While I'm swallowing his slops
  How nimble are his chops,
Thus queering the old commodore.
  A bad case, commodore—
  Can't say, commodore—
Musn't flatter, commodore, says he;
  For the bullets and the gout
  Have so knock'd your hull about,
That you'll never more be fit for sea.

What no more to be afloat? blood and fury!
    they lie!—
  I'm a seaman and only three score;
And if as they tell me, I'm likely to die,
  Gadzooks; let me not die on shore,
  As to death, it's all a joke,
  Sailors live in fire and smoke,
So at least says the old commodore.
  The rum old commodore—
  The tough old commodore—
The figting old commodore!—He!
  Whom the devil nor the gout,
  Nor the French dogs to boot,
Shall kill till they grapple him at sea.

THE QUEER LITTLE MAN.

A very little man, very 'how came you so,'
  Went home on a dingy night;
It was past twelve o'clock, he'd a long way to
    go,
  And he walked like a crab left and right.
At the corner of a lane, quite a lonely retreat,
He saw something tall and as white as a sheet;
  He shook and he shivered,
  His teeth chattered, and lips quivered,
And with fear as well as fuddling he stagger'd
    to and fro.
This queer little man who'd a great way to go,
  This queer little man then fell on his knees,
  With fright you'll suppose half dead:
And as on it he looked, it o'ertopped the trees
  And had two saucer eyes in its head.
When a very deathlike voice, said in very
    drear tone, [done.
With me you must go, for your grave's nearly
  He shook and he shivered,
  His teeth chattered, and lips quivered,
When he cried, O, good hobgoblin, I pray your
    mercy show
To a queer little man who's a great way to go.

The queer little man he fell flat as a flail,
  A great explosion heard he;
And jumped up in a crack, for a cracker at his
    tail
  Set him capering just lika a parched pea,
From around the goblin's head burst some long
    streams of fire,
And the cracker once spent left him sprawling
    in the mire.
  Some wags ('twas a wacker),
  Thus with turnip squib and cracker,
Cured through fear of all his fuddling, com-
    pletely you must know,
This queer little man who'd a long way to go.

CEASE, CEASE; THOSE SIGHS I CANNOT BEAR.

Cease, cease; those sighs I cannot bear;
  Hark! hark! the drums are calling.
Oh! I must chide that coward tear,
  Or kiss it as 'tis falling.

Eliza, bid thy soldier go;
  Why thus my heart-string sever?
Ah! be not then my honours foe,
  Or I am lost for ever.

Trust benevolence above,
  With mind resigned and steady;
He'll never wound, believe me love,
  The heart that's broke already.

Serene yon dreadful field I see,
  Whatever fate betide me:
Thy shelter innocence shall be,
  And I've no wish beside thee.

HAIL, SMILING MORN.

GLEE

Hail, smiling morn that tips the hills with gold
  Whose rosy fingers opes the gates of day;
Who the gay faces of nature doth unfold,
  At whose bright presence darkness flies
    away.

☞ All the back numbers have been reprinted.

1858.

A New Political Comico Song. Hardwick.

Air.—German Polka.

What an age for folly, fraud and fighting,
Battle news and warlike writing;
Some verses I've just been inditing—
On eighteen hundred and fifty-eight.
Here its glorious and notorious,
In the East its all uproarious,
What an era is this Victoria's,
In eighteen hundred and fifty-eight.

CHORUS.

Home the cannons ramming, jamming,
Praters patriotism shamming,
Telegraphing, telegramming—
In eighteen hundred and fifty-eight.

The Royal wedding's done and over,
May the Princess always live in clover,
And Frederick never prove a rover,
In eighteen hundred and fifty-eight.
A tidy dowery him she brought in,
But if the Prince of Wales abroad goes courting,
With his bride will he get such a fortin?
Not a bit in eighteen and fifty-eight.

If our gone fathers could but rise up,
Wouldn't the old chaps turn their eyes up,
To see us build ships such a size up—
In eighteen hundred and fifty-eight.
But dangerous 'tis, its no use blinking,
If lost, the owners will find, I'm thinking,
Their floating capital turn to sinking—
In eighteen hundred and fifty-eight.

The Mormon Saints thro' thein encroaching,
And other's wives and daughters poaching,
May find their latter days approaching—
In eighteen hundred and fifty-eight.
To rout 'em Jonathan won't stickle,
But will each Blue Beard's toby tickle,
With that salt Lake they'll be in a pretty pickle,
In eighteen hundred and fifty-eight.

Political refugees we shelter,
Seeking England helter skelter,
Then like toads with venom they swelter—
In eighteen hundred and fifty-eight.
And plan cold blooded assassination,
Where they find food and habitation,
A fine return to this kind nation—
In eighteen hundred and fifty-eight.

But altho' no Fieschi infernal,
Schemes we'll back, and murderers spurn all—
And wild red republicans we'll learn all—
In eighteen hundred and fifty-eight.
Black assassins back we'll send 'em,
But the innocent we'll still befriend 'em,
And from despotic spies defend 'em—
In eighteen hundred and fifty-eight.

Oh what days of Spurgeon preaching,
Over the water brimstone shedding,
They rival the Vic. in blue-fire speeching,
In eighteen hundred and fifty-eight.

It makes the Bishops feel quite shirted,
To find the churches half deserted,
And now they tout for the unconverted—
At doors in eighteen fifty-eight.

Talk of ladies wasting cash on,
Mammoth crinoline to dash on,
Here's your peg-top trousers fashion—
For swells in eighteen fifty-eight.
Every spooney big and little,
Sports them now with sense no little,
And looks like a locomotive skittle—
In eighteen hundred and fifty-eight.

Our boy population how they're sweating,
Such tempting baits before them setting,
So fast them *in the line* they're getting,
To fight in eighteen fifty-eight.
Recruit, the cry is louder and louder,
With mere lads each transport they crowd her,
Food for fever, food for powder—
In eighteen hundred and fifty-eight.

Humbugs here are rife as ever,
Artful Rogues are just as clever,
But John Bull say die will never—
In eighteen hundred and fifty-eight.
While foes melt away like tallow,
Indian, Chinese, black or yellow,
So glorious success to British valour—
In eighteen hundred and fifty-eight.

1858.

New Version. J. A. Hardwick.

What an age of follies, frauds, and fighting,
Battle news, and warlike writing,
Some verses I've just been enditing—
On 1858.
Here its glorious and notorious,
In the East its all uproarious,
What an era is this Victoria's—
Of 1858.

CHORUS.

Home the cannons ramming, jamming,
Praters patriotism shamming,
Telegraphing, telegramming,
In 1858.

Napoleon thought it all serene—O!
Dr. Bernard to our guillotine, O!
We'd send, but Louis you was green—O!
In 1858.
John Bull wont stand intimidation,
Nor any foreign despot's dictation,
To hunt exiles from this free nation—
In 1858.

Little Nappy to invade our shore, sir,
You may build powerful men of war, sir,
But you'd find it as in days of yore,
All pickles in 1858.
Tho' you may think we Britons funky,
And show your teeth, and rise your monkey,
We can lick you as we did you Nunky—
In 1858.

Safe asylum patriots we assure ye,
For to continental tyrants fury,
They've seen the pluck of a British Jury—
In 1858.

To spies and threats they bade defiance,
To his wish Nap. met with no compliance,
We'll still be free tho' we break the Alliance,
—In 1858.

These days our Spurgeons give comic orations,
And upon our pleasures make observations,
I wish they'd walk into adulterations—
In 1858.

They rail at singing, dress, and dancing,
To be funny the pulpit is advancing,
Next they'll play out the people hornpipes prancing,
In 1858.

They talk of poor unfortunate creatures,
Haunting the streets with painted features,
But who caused their fall? who are their teachers
In 1858?

It is surprising there so much vice is,
While slop-sellers of profits get fat slices,
And pay work-girls starvation prices.
In 1858.

At putting on new taxes, busy
Is Jew Exchequer Chancellor Dizzy,
We shant get rid of a single tizzy—
In 1858.

And thro' each canting deputation,
We shall get, unless there's agitation,
No Sunday bands for recreation—
This 1858.

John Bull, defences don't be scorning,
Nor call it twaddle, every warning,
We might be invaded some fine morning—
In 1858.

Foes may again yet pay peecave!
Should we blow their vessels to old davy,
So keep up your army and your navy—
In 1858.

THE ECLIPSE OF 1858.

A New Comic Song. J. A. Hardwick.

Air.—Ballooning.

The great eclipse of March fifteen, I'm going to sing about,
How it kept us in the dark, and put many people
Half the population in London couldn't stand,
And looked drunk because they took so *many glasses* in their hands,
Tol-di-rol, &c.

While the darkness lasted many dodgers did advantage take,
And in the *dark*, with fingers *light*, treated out upon the *make*;
While starers at the great eclipse started stared with all their might,
And saw it of their pickers, many no more took a sight,
All the peelers while the Missuses were gazing at the sun, (underdone;
Sloped down the areas finding beef and mutton
And many branky cooky's they slobbered with their lips,
And lots of girls will have cause to remember the eclipse.

It being near to quarter day, some lodgers done it right,
And made themselves *invisibles*, it being near dark as night;
They took a mean advantage of the landlord, wicked elves,
And as it passed old Sol, why they shot the moon themselves.

The horses in the busses thought 'twas night and wouldn't go,
The chickens thought 'twas break of morn and all began to crow;
Old St. Paul's looked awful gloomy, while the sun eclipse did last,
But it couldn't look more grimy than it has for some years past.

And actually the river water looked as black as ink,
In fact except for totallers not fit at all to drink;
But don't suppose 'twas the eclipse that made it any blacker,
It's always so, with filth from yards of bone boilers and knackers.

The Tory Ministers all seemed frightened at the sight,
And trembled, while they thought that soon political might,
Upon their little day of power assuredly would fall,
And Derby and Disraeli for protection loud did bawl.

While lasted the eclipse in the darkness sneaked along, (being,
A lot of tracking bloodhounds that to Nappy do
French spies of the police groping to the best their way,
For themselves, as deeds won't bear the light they know well of the day.

Some Continental sovereigns were quacking while it passed,
And growled because they thought this reign couldn't longer last;
And as they put off all reform with haughty lips,
They would, but that they couldn't, have put off this eclipse.

But the greatest eclipse of this year, eclipsing all the lot,
Was Palmerston being totally eclipsed and sent
And lets hope that any minister who plays Napoleon's game,
May be too totally eclipsed at any time the same.